



# EVENING BULLETIN.



"HEW TO THE LINE, LET THE CHIPS FALL WHERE THEY MAY."

VOLUME 2.

MAYSVILLE, THURSDAY EVENING, NOVEMBER 30, 1882.

NUMBER 8.

## FRANK R. PHISTER

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### Ranch Farming.

As the traveler approaches the Rocky Mountains from either side he finds that the words farms and farming have become obsolete among the inhabitants, and that ranch and ranching, from the Spanish rancho, have taken their place. In the valleys among the mountains the ranches are necessarily limited in extent, and nearly all the tillable lands are confined to narrow strips, bordering some rivulet or larger stream coming down from the peaks. These streams are fed by the melting snows in summer; and although the water is generally exceedingly cold, it answers very well for irrigating the hot, black soils of the valleys, as rains can not be depended upon to supply the requisite amount of moisture necessary for producing any kind of farm or garden crop. In some of the valleys excellent wheat can be grown, but the most common and profitable crops are oats, millet or hay, potatoes, and nearly all kinds of garden vegetables, with the exception of those requiring a long season and great heat. Everywhere in the mountains and valleys the nights are cool; consequently there are few localities where any except the earliest varieties of corn succeed, or tomatoes and melons will ripen; but peas, beets, carrots, and all the varieties of cabbages and cauliflowers, grow to a large size, and are of excellent quality. All of the cabbage tribe of plants appear to find a most congenial soil and climate in the valleys of the Rocky Mountains.

The extreme fertility of the soil of the valleys and the absence of noxious weeds have a tendency to make the ranchmen indolent and careless of all things pertaining to the cultivation and care of crops. We have known men residing on the plains to go into some canyon in the spring, plow up the virgin soil near a brook, plant a few acres of potatoes, fix a ditch to supply the plants with a little extra moisture, and then return home, never visiting the spot again until digging time in the fall. If everything goes well, an excellent crop and a large yield will be secured, but it does not seem to disturb the ranchman's peace of mind if he fails in this kind of farming three years out of four. The quality of the potatoes raised in these elevated regions is generally excellent, and much superior to those raised on the plains or rich prairie soils at a lower altitude, and they always command a ready sale and good prices in the mining camps scattered over a region of country several thousand miles in extent.

An Eastern farmer would consider the prices obtained by the ranchmen sufficiently high to be quite remunerative, especially when so little labor is expended to produce a crop; but high prices and the great yield do not appear to be a sufficient stimulus to these mountaineers to make them extend their plantations or exert themselves to give their crops better care. Perhaps there is something in the climate which is depressing to one's spirits, or nature is too prodigal in her gifts, but whatever may be the cause, it is certain that the Western ranchmen are about as indolent and easy going a class of men as can be found in America. They are satisfied to live in miserable huts, partly because they can not afford to build better, and partly because after a few years' their aspirations do not reach above a log house or a dug-out and enough coarse food to supply the actual needs of nature.

Strange as it may seem, the larger proportion of these ranchmen are Eastern men, accustomed in their younger days to the comforts and associations of refined society; but for some unaccountable reason the aspirations of their youth only remain as faint glimmerings of

ideas long since abandoned. They appear to enjoy their crude, half-civilized life, and we have heard many of them say that they would not exchange their rude huts and free and easy mode of living for all the luxuries to be obtained in the older and more thickly settled of the Eastern States. This shows how easy it is for the human race to return to barbarism. Some of our readers may think that they would do differently if placed under similar circumstances; but we doubt it, for there is something in the climate and surroundings of the Western ranchman that prevents his going further or advancing any higher in the scale of refinement than the position in which we find him. We do not say that he is an ignoramus, for there are college graduates and good scholars among them; but they soon become rusty, probably from their rusty surroundings.—N. Y. Sun.

### A Parisian Artist's Revenge.

One of the most eminent painters of Paris was lately commissioned to paint the portrait of a lady who was some years ago a famous beauty, but who is now nearer her fiftieth than her fortieth year. She wished the portrait to be exhibited in this year's Salon, and gave the artist endless trouble over its details. When it was finished, however, she was far from contented, and declared that she could not recognize her own likeness in his conscientious piece of work. The painter said that she need not have the picture if she did not think it to be a faithful one, and it remained in his atelier as his own unsold property. Meanwhile he was determined to have his revenge for the insult done to his pride as an artist and the loss to his pocket as one who lived by his art. In order that the picture should not remain a piece of dead capital, he resolved to transform it from a portrait into a subject. A few days before the private exhibition the lady in question was informed by a well-instructed friend that the artist had introduced a number of accessories into her portrait which were likely to compromise her reputation. She drove off in great haste to the painter's studio and asked to see the picture. The wish was promptly gratified. There she stood upon the canvas, life-like and life-size; but the cruel artist had thinned her hair to semi-baldness, and in one of her hands she held two long tresses of false hair. Upon the table at her side, which he had changed into a toilet-table, were ranged a number of bottles, labeled respectively with the words: "Milk of Lilies," "Beauty Water," "Elixir against Wrinkles," "Golden-hair Dye." The lady cried out that such treatment was in amous. "You have real no complaint, madame," said the artist. "You have already declared that the picture is in no sense a portrait of yourself. I accept your opinion, and, as I can not afford to lose so much hard work, I have treated it as a fantastic piece, and as such I shall introduce it to the public. I mean to call it 'The Coquette of Fifty Years'." "What!" exclaimed she. "You mean to exhibit it?" The lady immediately begged him to accept the stipulated sum for the portrait and, as she had seen the compromising accessories obliterated in her presence, took out her check-book and bought the picture on the spot.—London Echo.

—The sexton of St. Joseph Church, at Long Branch gets no pay for his services. He rings the bells for the Sunday gatherings, acts as usher and sweeps out by proxy. His name is George W. Childs—one of us newspaper millionaires—the proprietor of the Philadelphia Ledger.—Detroit Post.